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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1910.

Health Office Activities.

It is in no fault-finding mood, but
with full appreciation of its zeal and
general efficiency, that we venture to
suggest that the real usefulness of the
District health office may possibly be
impaired by over-activities intended for
the public good.

It is the province of Health Officer
Woodward and his staff to safeguard
the community by every sane precaution
of proved worth, of course. But we can-
not bring ourselves to the belief that
health is ever conserved or maladies
held in check by unduly alarming the
public over the dangers of a new and strange
disease, or putting unnecessary emphasis
upon the occasional prevalence of an
old disease. Instead of such action being
helpful, it may easily become positively
hurtful—hurtful in every way. The best
health authority is quite agreed upon this
point. It is doubly difficult to combat
disease when disease is accompanied by
panic or semi-panic.

In the matter of regulation, also, the
health office is likely to overdo the thing,
and overdo it badly.

For example, the compulsory vaccina-
tion of school children, in the opinion of
many people, is of doubtful wisdom. If
we do not quite share the view of the
extremists who see absolutely no virtue,
but real evil, in vaccination and would
estop it altogether, we do believe that the
necessity for vaccinating children—in
ordinary times, at least—might safely be
left to the family physician without the
least danger of inviting a plague,
especially in a city so well kept as Wash-
ington.

Now, however, we observe that one of
our health officials, not content with the
compulsory vaccination law, which oper-
ates to the exclusion from the public
schools of clean, healthy children, whose
parents oppose vaccination, is advocat-
ing an extension of the law to compel
the revaccination of all school chil-
dren every five years. There is neither
wisdom nor common sense in this propo-
sition. It is peculiarly ill-timed and ob-
jectionable, considering the growing con-
viction that the compulsory vaccination
law, as it stands, might be repealed with
perfect safety. And it is deplorable, also,
to note that this proposition has received
unthinking approval in other official
quarters.

With fullest respect for the health of-
fice and our health officers, we venture
to say that their activities might prop-
erly be curbed somewhat—curbed with
profit to the community and to the con-
servation of the District's health.

Perhaps there is something in his con-
tract as contributing editor that forbids
him to talk about the tariff.

Suicide.

The many suicides and attempted sui-
cides of young women in New York re-
cently have moved the students of sociol-
ogy to try to discover the cause. So far
they have been able to find no ex-
planation that explains. But from that
philosopher of the Bowery, "Big Bill"
Devery, ex-chief of police of New York,
comes the sapient conclusion, which may
help out the theoretical sociologist:

"They ain't crazy; it's just their han-
ker after buzz wagons, birds, and bot-
tles."

This may not be a scientific explana-
tion, but it contains, we are sure, some-
thing of the truth. In the first place, the
motives that impel many young women to
try life in a big city like New York is
not a most worthy one. The ambition
that takes them to the "Great
White Way" is the ambition of vanity
and the tireless search after pleasure.
It is, very largely, the result of educa-
tion gone wrong, or lack of education,
that leads these girls to strive for wrong
ideals.

Life in New York offers its possibili-
ties to young women—if they have
strength. There is little place anywhere
for the weaklings, and no place at all for
them in a big city. Many young girls are
apt to place too high a valuation on
their good looks, and to imagine that be-
cause they are gifted with prettiness they
are entitled to the good things of the
earth; or, as "Big Bill" expresses it,
"buzz wagons, birds, and bottles." Pret-
tiness does win these things for some
girls, but even they have to pay the
price for them, and, securing the glitter,
they lose the gold of life. Looking only
to the present, they fancy that the apples
of Sodom are much to be desired; it is
too late for many of them to recover
when they find that the Dead Sea fruit
of pleasure has a bitter taste in the
mouth.

Life is hard for so many of them be-
cause they make it hard. In New York
there is plenty of honest work to be
done; plenty of honest and hard-working
young men who would woo them and
win them honorably, make them a home

and help them to work out their destiny
in life. But instead, so many of these
poor girls have their heads turned, aspire
to unworthy things or to goals they are
not fitted to reach, and, tasting of failure,
commit suicide.

If they could only be taught that none
of us get things in this world that we
do not pay for! Because others succeed
on the stage, because others write suc-
cessful plays or books, or fill successfully
responsible positions, is no reason why
immature and unfit girls can do the same
thing. Success comes to those who suc-
ceed because they have made themselves
worthy of it, and because, although they
have met failure and rebuff, they have
gone on bravely striving.

"To die to sleep; no more; and by a
sleep to say we end the heartache."
But we cannot. Look at it how you will,
suicide is cowardice; a confession of
failure; the apotheosis of selfishness.

The Atlanta Journal says: "The Republi-
can plurality in Maine has sunk." We
knew something had happened to it.

Malefactors Come to Grief.

A sugar trust magnate sentenced to
the penitentiary for two years!

Leading officials of the beef trust at
Chicago placed under indictment!
Thus in items of current news we are
assured that the law reaches the rich
as well as the poor; that it bears down
upon the powerful no less than upon the
weak, and that influences, usually politi-
cal, once so potent to save wrongdoers
in high station, is potent no more, even
on the eve of a great political campaign.

When William Jennings Bryan, on the
hustings, notably ten years ago, shocked
an ultra-conservative people by talking
about indicting trust malefactors and
putting them in stripes, behind the bars,
he was denounced as a wild, dangerous
agitator, engaged in stirring up class
hatred and conducting a crusade that, if
successful, meant business demoraliza-
tion and chaos. No more unsparring
critic had he in that day than Theodore
Roosevelt, who flayed him mercilessly in
public speech.

But times have changed. William Jen-
nings Bryan's crusade availed him not.
Merely a preacher in the wilderness, it
was reserved for one who came after
him—his denunciations of 1900—so to quick-
en the national conscience and awaken
honest public sentiment that new laws
were enacted making both difficult and
dangerous the doing of those things
against which Bryan so eloquently de-
clared.

To-day we read about the conviction
or sentence of these malefactors of high
station, these alleged malefactors, with-
out a thought that business is going to
smash, or commercial chaos being ushered
in. We take it as a matter of course.

It may still be profitable to break the
law, but it has ceased to be respectable,
and become full of peril.
A better day having dawned, are we to
forget the part played by William Jen-
nings Bryan, repudiated as he was, in
bringing it about? Certainly not. Nor
are we to withhold the meed of praise
and acknowledgment due Theodore Roose-
velt—not even if he himself choose for
the political moment to be blind to the
progress made and the reformation wrought.

The high cost of living is said to be
the reason for many divorces, but we
do not notice that it is affecting the
number of weddings.

Taking the Gospel to Them.

Into the stokehole of an Atlantic liner
the other day went a Catholic priest re-
turning from abroad, the Rev. Bernard
Vaughan, and while the grimy and
sweating stokers paused for a moment
in their work, he asked them what they
were willing to do for the cause of Christ.

Rather astounded at such an unusual in-
terruption to their work, the men replied
that they were so busy that they had lit-
tle time to think of such things, for
during their watch below they were not
allowed on deck to attend religious ser-
vices. Thereupon the reverend father
made his preparations and celebrated
mass in the stokehole.

This is a narration of fact, but it is
also a modern parable. That liner, car-
rying its host of passengers, freighted
with hope and human souls, owed the
swiftness and the sureness of its pas-
sage to these same stokers. Deep down
in the hold they did their work, and
hardly any one thought of them until
the good priest went to them carrying
the promises and the assurances of the
Gospel of Jesus Christ.

There is much outcry to-day about the
falling off in church attendance, and it is
averred that the church is losing much of
its power and influence. May it not be be-
cause there are not more preachers who,
like Father Vaughan, are willing to go
into stokeholes to carry the Master's
message?

It is not alone to the rich and com-
fortable, who sit in soft-cushioned pews,
that the Gospel speaks; it is the men and
women who are submerged in the stoke-
holes of the world that need to be re-
ached, and if, for any reason, they do not
care to come, or cannot come, to the
church of ease, it is for the church to go
to them with its consolation, its cheer,
its message of hope and good will to
small man.

Small hands cost as much as large ones.
That is the reason for the popularity of
the large ones; the dear things want to
get as much as they can for the money.

It was absurd of that license clerk to
give a man a hunting license instead of
a marriage license. The applicant's hunt
was all over; he had found the girl.

Emperor William assures us that provid-
ence cares for the poor people. That
leaves the colonel free to pay his atten-
tion to the rest of us.

A foreigner would think that most
American girls were subject to severe
headache if he noticed those queer hands
they use to tie on their false hair.

If Roosevelt persists in making another
oratorical tour, the Maine example is
sure to become infectious.

Speculator Patten has endowed an
Evanston hospital with half a million.
There are plenty of sick people from
whom he won the money.

A convict in Missouri was pardoned
because he weighed 400 pounds and was

too big to fit the penitentiary cells. The
fat men always get the best of every-
thing.

It is not true that Tom Watson origi-
nated the phrase, "Where am I at?" He
has merely been repeating it recently.

Now, at any rate, Uncle Joe knows
that he cannot hope for any support
from Mahe.

What do you think of the New York
Times crediting Riley's "An Old Sweet-
heart o' Mine" to Eugene Field?

To the problem of how to raise "the
Maine," the Republicans have the addi-
tional puzzle of how to get Maine back
into the fold.

A girl lost her shoe on a street car in
Rochester, and married the man who
found it. Bet she did it on purpose.

Your Uncle Walt Mason is chirping
pretty lively poetry for a dead man.

The Rev. Dr. Tipple has come back to
his congregation, and is preaching pro-
hibition.

People have been so trained in kicking
all this summer that it ought to be a
mighty good season for football.

The Sultan of Sulu is going to visit
Houston. What for? To see those re-
dearbed widows?

Chorus girls are scarce this year. Get-
ting old enough to know better, evidently.

Whether they are willing to quit, or
must quit, or do not want to quit, it will
be all the same. Many new faces will be
seen in the United States Senate.

Have you seen any ladies wearing the
"jupe a l'entrave"? That is what the
hobble skirt was before it was imported
from Paris.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

A Parliamentary Note.
From the Congressional News.
In Mr. Roosevelt's speech the "Ts" have it.

Remember Maine!
From the New York Tribune.
Democrats are likely to make "Remember Maine"
the watchword of their campaign.

Excusable.
From the Albany Journal.
Of course, when a man has had a big book
published, he likes all the free advertising he can get.

Not Very Frequent.
From the Ohio State Journal.
There are said to be persons in Oklahoma
who never rob an Indian, but we suppose they are not
very prominent.

Isn't It Too Late?
From the Charleston News and Courier.
His physicians have warned Mayor Gaynor not to
talk too much. Can't Mr. Roosevelt be persuaded
to consult the same specialists?

A Day of Rejoicing.
From the Youngtown Telegram.
It has been suggested by the Toledo Blade that
the date of Mr. Ballinger's retirement may be in-
cluded in the list of future legal holidays.

Is New York Selfish?
From the Philadelphia Record.
There is a strong impression in New York that
Mayor Gaynor cannot accomplish as much good in
any other position as in that which he occupies.

What Happened in Maine.
From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.
Republicans are divided in opinion as to what
happened in Maine. Some think the party was de-
feated because it reduced the tariff, and others be-
cause it didn't. The views of the colonel are not yet
released for publication.

The Essence of Existence.
Rev. Frank Crane, in Chicago Post.
After all there is only one thing in
which we are all interested; it is—life.
All our various forms of activity are ex-
periments in life. Whether we eat, drink,
or sleep, go to the play or to the church,
gratify or deny ourselves, laugh or weep,
it is all to get another flavor of life.
The sinners are the overcurious. Children
are prodigals with life. Old age will
cling to it through any pain.

Grow my withers, rack my bones!
Life, more life, for all stooges.
That is why we love love. It is because
love is the very essence and pure sub-
stance of life. All else is dross. The ac-
tivities of business, the musings of phi-
losophy, the ecstasies of religion, the
thrill of adventure, the stir of exercise,
the gratification of the senses, all of these
are but brilliant beads strung on the
one scarlet string of love. Without
love they would fall from us. All about
us, in the sea and on the land, nature
pours her abundance of living things,
every creature has its habitat, and green
things growing round the earth. We
get a glimpse of what it all means when
we love, for then nothing but a universe
drenched with life can express us.
"There is one word," wrote Maurice de
Guerin, "which is the god of my imagina-
tion, the tyrant, I ought rather to say,
that fascinates it, lures it onward, and
will finally carry it I know not where;
the word—life."

Graft.

From Putt.
"The directors of the road were a pre-
cious lot of grafters."
"You don't say so?"
"Yes, every last man of them had his
appendix removed and charged the cost
to operating expenses."

SEPTEMBER.

When the tan is deep on lovely Mabel's cheek,
And the freckles round her nose play hide-and-seek;
When the stoker comes along
With a swelling combpogon,
Bather dear!
When the airy Summer Maid begins to freeze,
Getting cold by some forty-nine degrees,
And goes on her crusty way
Bouncing every fence
That she sees!
When the Oyster comes a-sailing o'er the bar,
And resumes his former ways so popular,
In the new-born month that's split
With an R;
When the ripened grain awaits the Reaper's hand;
Get a blight comes o'er the Village Band;
When we hear Stump Speakers trill
Rites about the tariff bill
O'er the land;

When the Frogs are in the Pumpkin and the Peas;
And their mighty little doing by the sea;
When the blue girl chills and burs,
And the Wild Duck and the Loon
On the air;
When the Tadpole seeks his adolescent tale
In the pretty little pond in the vale,
And hops upon top toe leg,
There to warble like a Frog
Strong and hale;

When the Pigeon getteth ready for the bob,
And the frosty breeze round about us hobs,
And the peacock don't look
With his song sweet and pure
To the col;

When the sun begins to seek an earlier cot,
And the Landlady sends a bill for all we've got;
When the Lobster grows obese
Ends his days in scarlet peace
In the pot;

When the Frost is on the Pumpkin and the Peas;
And their mighty little doing by the sea;
When the blue girl chills and burs,
And the Wild Duck and the Loon
On the air;

When the Frogs are in the Pumpkin and the Peas;
And their mighty little doing by the sea;
When the blue girl chills and burs,
And the Wild Duck and the Loon
On the air;

When the Frogs are in the Pumpkin and the Peas;
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And their mighty little doing by the sea;
When the blue girl chills and burs,
And the Wild Duck and the Loon
On the air;

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

LOOKING BACKWARD.
Childhood had its happy days.
It was great
To hitch on behind the sleighs
Or to skate.

But we also got our bumps.
Things went wrong.
When the measles or the mumps
Came along.

Would I be a boy once more?
Would I go
Back to happy days of yore?
I dunno.

Guess I'd better face the strife,
Stick to biz,
And be satisfied with life
As it is.

To the Best of His Belief.
"And you have a cork now?"
"We had this morning when I started
downtown."

The Uplift.
"Do you chew your food fifty times?"
"Well, that's a good question, and I'm
for it, but I haven't time just now. I
have joined a movement which obligates
me to kill fifty flies every day."

A Tramp's Troubles.
I gave a tramp a touring car—
An old machine.
And now he begs from door to door
For gasoline.

Helpful Returns.
"Hello, old man! How's literature
going?"
"Oh, finely. The railroad lost a trunk-
ful of my manuscript, and I got \$100."

Stirring Them Up.
"I shall call on your parents and de-
mand your hand."
"Not yet, dear; not yet. Father is in
jail for rebating, and mother is serving
a sentence with the suffragettes. If you
call on them now, I'm afraid they'll lose
their allowance for good conduct."

All Sorts.
"How does a man act when he is really
in love?"
"Oh, they have different ways," an-
swered the experienced belle. "Some of
them say beautiful things, and others
can't utter a yawn."

JELLYFISH FOE OF BATHER.
Though Several Feet Away It Can
Give a Good Sting.

Jellyfish, which usually stay out in the
deep waters of the Long Island Sound
during the warm months, have been dis-
integrated by the easterly winds, and the
appearance of their poisonous fragments
has scared some of the bathers along the
beaches. On Labor Day several swim-
mers in the Upper East River and the
Sound got stung upon the legs and arms,
and as a result they went about three or
four days with swollen limbs.

Dr. R. C. Osburn, of the New York
Aquarium, explained yesterday what the
jellyfish is doing to the bathers.
"The jellyfish can give you a good sting
with its poison, although it may be sev-
eral feet away," he said. "You are aware
of a feeling in your leg or arm as if
you were getting an electric shock."

"The jellyfish possesses what we call a
trigger," from which it sends a little
tape-like streamer. When the end of
this tape strikes an object it injects a
poisonous fluid. It goes right on sting-
ing every object that comes its way. The
sting cannot be given through a bathing
suit."

The reporter explained to the doctor
that he had often picked up a jellyfish
and that he had no results occurred.
"Well, that was a fragment which had
long been separated from the main por-
tion and had decomposed," said the aquar-
ium man. "The poison isn't seriously
harmful, anyway. The jellyfish are al-
ready beginning to die. Like flowers,
they flourish in the summer and die in
the fall. The jellyfish around here come
up from the Gulf of Mexico."

Drowning as a Livelihood.
Paris Correspondence London Express.
A remarkable association of youthful
professional drowners and life-saving be-
haves has been discovered by the police.
The number of boys who have fallen into
the river and been rescued by their com-
panions during the past few weeks has
grown to such an extent in the St. Louis
district that the local magistrate ordered
that the boys on the embankment should
be watched. Louis Gerbaud, aged thir-
teen, was seen yesterday to let himself
drop cautiously into the water, and the
next instant two of his comrades sprang
heroically after him and brought him to
land. Gerbaud played his part to perfec-
tion, and, feigning illness, was transport-
ed to the salvage station. One of his gal-
lant rescuers remained with him, while
the other hastened away, as it was after-
ward ascertained, to give the news to the
press in order to obtain a reward.

Gerbaud and his friend afterward made
a full confession. Their association had
a number of members, they said, but they
refused to give the names. They had
found the profession a paying one, as the
heroes were nearly always recompensed,
and they always loyally shared all their
profits.

A Jury Room Joke.

From the Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.
Here is a story that is told by a local
lawyer, who swears it is an actual ex-
perience. A jury had retired on a mur-
der case and had voted 11 to 1 for ac-
quittal. The obstinate man was a small,
red-faced fellow, apparently a heavy
drinker. He held out for conviction and
declared that he was ready to stay there
as long as the next one. Every now and
then he would lean over and suck the
head of a small bamboo cane he carried.

Finally the Jurymen began to make
ready for a night of it. The little man
soon fell asleep over his cane, and when
he went farther in the Land of Nod the
stick dropped to the floor. Members of
the jury picked it up and were about to
return it when they discovered that it
was filled with whisky, and very good
whisky, too. They passed it around, each
taking a sip. Of a sudden the little man
awakened, and reaching for his cane, at-
tempted to suck more "oil of joy" from
the head. He was very thirsty, but found
the cane empty.

After thinking some time, he said:
"Boys, I believe I've changed my mind.
I'll vote for acquittal. Let's hurry."

Too Late.
From Judge.
"I meant to have told you of that
hole," said one Irishman to another who
had tumbled into a pit in his garden.

"Oh, never mind," said Pat, "I've found
it."

From the Baltimore American.
Editor—Mr. Noodles!
Reporter—Yes, sir.
Editor—I want you to cover this lec-
ture on "The Naked Truth."

From the Baltimore American.
Editor—Mr. Noodles!
Reporter—Yes, sir.
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ture on "The Naked Truth."

A DAILY BOOK REVIEW

"BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA."

The Boy Scout movement has not only
been a great success in England, but it
has spread throughout the British em-
pire and has succeeded far beyond the
expectations of the founder, Gen. Baden-
Powell. Some years ago Ernest Thomp-
son Seton, after a careful study of our
present-day sports, such as baseball,
football, etc., and a comparison of the ten-
dency of things in our own country with
that which preceded the fall of Rome,
concluded that degeneracy was the word
that describes our present condition. To
combat this system that has turned such
a large proportion of our robust, manly,
self-reliant boyhood into a lot of flat-
chested cigarette smokers, with shaky
nerves and doubtful vitality," he tells us,
"I began a woodcraft movement in
America." He considered the movement
fairly successful; at least one 100,000
young people joined. But as Gen. Baden-
Powell's Boy Scouts in less time achieved
a greater popularity in England, he
adopted the latter's innovations, and the
result is the "Boy Scouts of America."

This hand-book is meant to give every
essential to an understanding of the
movement. Part I gives the plan of or-
ganization, adopted from Baden-Powell.
After reading the part on organization
it is not difficult to see that the Boy
Scout movement means to do for the
boys of to-day all that was best in chiv-
alry did for the men of the Middle Ages.
Honor is the first word in the Scout law.
Loyalty to the President, to his parents,
his country, and his employers, comes
next. The scout is supposed to obey all
commands from the persons named, even
when he thinks the command wrong;
and, after having done his duty by obey-
ing, he may make his protest. Great
stress is laid upon courtesy; and no re-
ward must be accepted for being helpful
and courteous. The influence is against
smoking, for the best scouts do not
smoke, and it makes them shaky and
nervous, injures the sense of smell, and
unfits a scout for the best work. The
punishment for swearing and bad lan-
guage for each offense is a mug of cold
water to be poured down the offender's
sleeve by the other scouts. "It was the
punishment invented by the old British
scout, Capt. John Smith, 300 years ago."

In short, scouts are taught in an inter-
esting and practical manner, patriotism,
discipline, courage, self-reliance, self-
control, courtesy, thrift, helpfulness, and
cheerfulness.

As we glance through the remaining
parts of this hand-book—signs and signal-
ing; camping; games of which there are
over fifty, all of which call for alertness,
both physical and mental; and honora-
ble awards for the best work. The
punishment for swearing and bad lan-
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